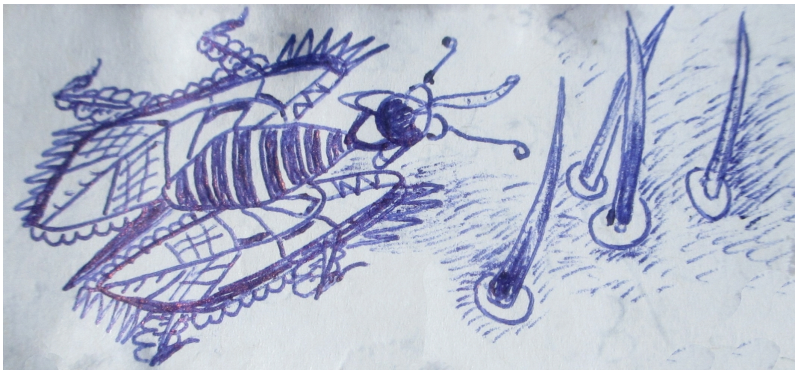

Hello Mosquito,

would you please not eat me?
The hot stone´s air rising is your domain.

High towering clouds now are moving in
bit by bit deleting the sun´s warmth on my skin.

I spot some shorts I saw on a hanger in a store
already looking super cheap, but of course on you they rule.

Mountains glisten, maybe rain is coming down in the distance.
The sun adds red chills, there´s lanterns up the hills.

Big Bear with a grin: Is"Big Beer" sleeping?
Who´s talking? -The sailor in his dream.